




**Geronimo Stilton**

# MICEKINGS

**STAY STRONG,  
GERONIMO!**



 **SCHOLASTIC**





# Welcome to the Ancien FAr north

• • •

# And the World oF the miceking !

WHERE THEY LIVE:

Miceking Island

CAPITAL:

Mouseborg, home of the Stiltonord family

OTHER VILLAGES:

Oofadale, village of the Oofa Oofas, and Fear  
village of the vilekings

CLIMATE:

Cold, cold, cold, especially when the icy north

TYPICAL FOoD:

Gloog, a superstinky but fabumouse stew. Th  
recipe is closely guarded by the wife of the m

NATIONAL DRINK:

Finnbrew, made of equal parts codfish juice and herring juice, with a splash of squid ink

MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION:

The drekar, a light but very fast ship

GREATEST HONOR:

The miceking helmet. It is only earned when a mouse performs an act of courage or wins a battle

UNIT OF MEASUREMENT:

A mouseking tail (full tail, half tail, third tail, quarter tail)

ENEMIES:

The terrible dragons who live in Beastgard

# meet the stiltonord FAmi

• • •

GERONIMO

Advisor to

the

miceking

chief

TRAP

The most famouse

inventor in

Mouseborg

BENJAMIN

Geronimo's

nephew

THEA

A horse trainer

who

works well with all

kinds

of animals

BUGSILDA

Benjamin's  
best  
friend

# And the evil drAgons

!

SIZzLE

The cook

• • •

GOBbLER THE PUTRID

The fierce king of the  
dragons is a

Devourer!

The dragons are  
divided into

5

clans, all of  
which

are terbifying!

1.

Devourers

They love to eat micekings raw —  
no cooking necessary.



2.

## Steamers

They grab micekings, then fly over volcanoes so the steam and smoke good.

3.

## Biters

Before eating micekings, they nibble them delicately to see if they like them or not.

4.

## Slurpers

They wrap their long tongues around micekings and slurp them up.

## 5. Rinsers

As soon as they catch micekings, they rinse them in a stream to wash

them  
off.



Geronimo Stilton

MICEKING

Scholastic Inc.

STAY STRONG

GERONIMO!

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events,  
or locales is entirely coincidental.

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drAgon

Alert!

It was a

splendid

fall morning in

Mouseborg, the capital of Mice

The

colorful

leaves waved in the

gentle

breeze.

Most micekings are

# warriors

, but I

don't like fighting. I decided to  
for a walk in the woods. They  
find

# inspiration

in nature, and —

Sorry, I haven't  
introduced  
myself! My name  
is

Geronimo

Stiltonord

, and I am a



mouseking and a  
scholar

.

That morning,  
I was a hungry

scholar! I filled my backpack  
with

**one**

small

barrel

of

fjordberry  
juice,

**two**

loaves

of bread, and

**three**

wheels

of

super-  
stinky

Stenchberg

cheese.

At the last minute,  
I added cheese wheel  
number

four

.

Physical  
exercise gives me  
a

big

appetite

!

I whistled as I headed

toward the woods. I  
strolled  
until I found myself in a silen  
clearing  
surrounded by  
nature.

But before I could unpack my  
sound of a horn rose up  
Lookouts  
Cliff.

too-toot!

Too

-

Tooooooooooot!

Squeak! It was the  
dragon  
alarm  
!

Oh no! Dragons!

the shield

mouselet

megA chAllenge

When the dragon alarm sounded  
in the village was supposed to  
the

dragons. Did I mention that  
are

fierce

and terrible and always starve  
for

fresh

miceking  
meat?

I ran back through the woods and  
rushed  
to the village in record  
miceking  
speed. When I arrived at the Green  
Square, the other micekings were  
there.

“

**Draaagons!**

” I yelled.

Oddly, nobody else was yelling.  
I was  
running



for the catapults. I ran over to

Quick,  
get  
your  
weapons!

Copper Ironpaws  
, the village  
blacksmith.

“Copper, didn’t you hear  
the

alarm

?” I asked. “Bring  
out the swords, the shields,  
sledgehammers  
!”

The blacksmith just stood there  
a

cheese

log

and                      didn't  
answer.

I looked around. All the other  
micekins were just standing  
there,  
too.

“

Holey  
cheese!

” I shouted. “Why  
isn’t anybody getting ready to  
fight

the  
dragons?”

Nobody          answered  
me.

“What is  
WRONG

with          you

rodents?”

I

asked.

Then

Sven the Shouter

,

our village leader, marched  
me.

“Geronimo, you smarty-mous  
shouted. (He always

shouts

. How do

you think he got his name?

are

at  
last!”  
“

Sven! The d  
dragons!

” I  
stuttered.  
He smacked my back with h  
paw.

“There aren’t any dragons, y  
We  
sounded the alarm to get you  
hiding place  
.”  
.

“I wasn’t hiding,” I  
protested.

Go sit down!

“So says sven the shouter!”

“Spare me the

**excuses**

, smarty-

paws,” he said.

“We’ve

been

**LOOKING**

all over for you. It’s

time

to start the

competition!”

“



# Competition?

What  
competition?” I  
asked.

“Horns and thorns, don’t be a  
cheesehead  
!

Just go sit in your spot at the j  
That’s an order!” Sver  
shouted.

the other micekings  
yelled.

I  
sighed

. So much for my

picnic!

Only then did I notice that a

**stage**

had been built in the village so

was

decorated

**festively**

. But, by my

whiskers, I couldn't think

competition

could be happening that day.

The

GREAT BEARD CHALLENGE

to

determine the mouseking with beard had been a few weeks earlier.

The

Stinky Codfish Festival

was

always held the first week of spring.

The

Miceking Games

, which  
attracted micekings from a  
island,  
were planned for the  
summer.

So . . . this must be the  
Shield Mouselet

Mega  
Challenge

! Female warrior  
micekings

are known as Shield Mouselets  
they compete to see who is  
the  
bravest

,  
strongest  
, and

smartest

.  
Everyone loved the challenge  
me!

Sven always made me judge, a  
got me in

big  
trouble

.  
After I took my seat, my  
cousin

Trap

slid

into the chair next to  
me.

\*

To read more about Ratilde, check  
adventure

The Famouse Fjord Race!

“Trap, are you on the judge  
too?”

I  
asked.

He chuckled. “Of course! A judge  
understand  
courage

,

strength

, and

intelligence

. And since I am brave,  
strong, and smart, I'll be the  
perfect  
judge!"

We heard an amused laugh  
and

turned to see a large female  
**Ratilde**

. "If anyone can judge the  
courage  
of a mouseking, it's me!" she  
boasted as she sat down in  
judge's  
chair.

Trap and I nodded. Ratilde v



of

the ship

Beauty of the Seas

, and

there wasn't a single mousekin

was

braver

than

her.

\*

“We all need courage to  
contest,”

Good luck!

Come on,

Thea!

Go, Helga!

Ready to

judge?

Well . .

.

Karina will

win!

Thanks!

Yay, Thora!

# SHIELD MOUSELET THORA

Sven the Shouter's daughter  
is charming, brave, and good  
at everything  
she  
tries — and I  
have a  
big  
crush  
on  
her!

# HELGA

She is as sweet as she is  
strong — and she  
makes  
Trap blush.

I whispered to them  
both.

“Why?” Trap asked.

“Because there can  
only be  
one  
winner

”  
,

I replied. “And then  
we are left with  
angry  
losers!”

Just then, I saw  
that

Thora

was a  
contestant this year.  
She is  
Sven's  
daughter — and my  
secret crush

. I  
gulped. I had to pick  
Thora as the winner,  
right?

The  
other  
contestants  
were Helga, Karina,

# MEGA CHALLENGE

## Karina

This mouseking  
is  
fast, agile, and  
does  
everything with  
flair.

## Thea

My sister, Thea, is  
a  
brilliant rodent!  
She  
loves  
adventure and  
competitions.

and my sister,  
Thea.

I

gulped

again.

How could I vote  
against Helga, who  
is so

strong

? Or

Karina, the

FASTEST

mouseking around? Or  
my own

talented

sister,

Thea?

I could smell trouble  
already . . . but then I

smelled

something

else. Something very  
strong.

I

sniffed

the air.

“What is that strange  
stench?”

I



asked.

Ratilde snorted and

passed me a

clothespin

What a  
smell!

to put on my nose. “Here you  
you  
wimpy  
mouseking  
!” she  
said.

Then I saw that the  
**smell**

was coming  
from the braided sash that  
awarded  
to the winning Shield Mouse  
made

out of

hot peppers

! Rotten ricotta,

those peppers had such a

strong

scent

that they were making my  
water!

Ratilde nudged me. “Look, sma

mouseking, even Trap

has

watery

eyes.”

# Logi Peppers

Logi peppers are very strong hot peppers that are used in our famouse miceking hot pepper sauce, the hottest sauce there is! These peppers have a much, much, much stronger smell than even stinky miceking garlic.

“It’s not the peppers,”

Trap said.

Then I noticed that Helga was

smiling

at him. My big  
cousin has such  
a

tender

heart!

# Begin the mega challenges!

Sven the Shouter climbed onto  
“Citizens of Mouseborg, hear  
me and shout!”

“Only the  
bravest

,

strongest

, and

smartest

contestant will win the  
Shield

Mouselet  
Challenge!”

Mega

the crowd  
cheered.

Sven raised his paw in the air.  
competition  
begin!”

The first event was  
the

shell  
challenge

. Each contestant  
had to throw a  
razor-sharp

shell at a straw

target.

“So says sven the shouter!”



# SHIVERING SQUIDS!

My

whiskers!

Bull's-eye!

Those shells had points as sharp

## DRAGONS' CLAWS

.

Thea's shell passed so close to  
trimmed

the ends of my whiskers! But  
she hit the

bull's-

eye

and

won  
the  
contest.

I'm all  
tangled  
up!

I need more  
rope!

The second event was the  
**rope  
challenge.**

Miceking ships need good, strong  
to set their

**powerful**

sails. The  
contestants had to

quickly

braid ropes

to see who could make the long

the

fastest

**SPEED**

.

My job was to measure to

braided

Done!

This is

fun!

I'm going

to

win!

the

longest

rope. I

tried

my best, but I got all

tangled

up

! I nearly tripped and fell flat

on my

snout!

Finally, I untangled myself  
and

measured the long braids. And  
the

**WINNER**

of the rope  
challenge

was . .

.

2

1

Algae                      and  
mussels

Moldy moss from  
Saltwater  
Valley

. . .

Karina

! Her rope was three  
hundred  
tails  
long!

Next up was  
the

# cooking challenge

.

Every mouseking worth his  
helmet  
needs to know how to  
make

## hearty

food  
out of whatever is handy. M  
has  
to  
be  
delicious



and

**nutritious**

enough

to build big miceking  
muscles!

“This is my

**favorite**

challenge,” Trap

said, rubbing his  
belly.

5

3

3

4

5

1

2

Rancid

codfish

fat

100-year-

old

smoked herring

Logi pepper

cheese

4

The contestants had to

cook

a dish out

of these common

ingredients:

Algae

and

mussels

Moldy

moss

from Saltwater

Valley

100-year-old

smoked

HERRING

Rancid

codfish

fat

Logi pepper

cheese

The three judges had to

taste

each

dish and rate it on how

nutritious

and

Yuck! How  
gross!

delicious

it was. Thea presented her  
dish

first. It

smelled

awful

!

Now, I know my sister well. She  
athletic, and great with animals  
a

terrible

cook!

“Um, I’m

not

hungry

,” I said,

pushing

it

away.

Thea frowned. “

Are you going to

judge it or n

Geronimo?

”

Trap slapped my back.

“Eat up, Cousin! What

are

you

afraid

of?”

I had to eat the  
dish in order to  
fairly judge  
the  
contest.

My stomach hurt  
much . . .

•

I WAS AFRAID I MIGHT  
TOSS MY CHEESE!

I took one bite of deep-fried  
in

stinky                      cheese

sauce

and



swallowed.

My stomach went

up

and

down

,

up

and

down

,

up

and

down

!

“You look a little green, Geronimo,” Trap remarked. “Did you eat too much? It’s no big problem. Ratilde and I will take care of you. Rest.”

I was very

lucky

that Trap and Ratilde had

cast-iron

stomachs! They declared

Thora

the winner. I wanted  
congratulate  
her, but I  
couldn't.

so, Who is the  
Winner?

1

1

Spin!

Spin!

Squeak!

The next event was the

cauldron  
challenge

, a test of  
strength

and

balance

. Each Shield Mouselet had to  
perform a complicated d  
balancing  
a heavy cauldron full  
of

swamp

water

on her  
head.

Thea

dragged me from  
the judges' table to

dance with her.

She

**spun**

me        around

and

around like a

top!

3

2

2

3

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

A

H



!

Faster!

Stop!

Oh

no!

Aaaah!

HELGA

kept the

cauldron on her

head the

longest,

and

she

won

the

challenge.

We

TWIRLED

and twirled in  
circles.

I got dizzy and fell  
against Thea . .

.

bam!

I knocked into  
the cauldron, and  
all the swamp  
water

dumped  
on my

head!

I found a  
shell!

The four contestants w

Everything  
depended on the final even  
the

camouflage  
challenge

. Camouflage is an important s  
when facing an

enemy

or hiding from  
miceking-eating

dragons

. For this  
event, the Shield Mouselets had  
an  
outfit that would work as camouflage  
the  
ocean

.  
Thora dove into the sea and found a  
shell  
for her  
outfit.

The four contestants put  
together their  
camouflage

and stood onstage.  
Everyone cheered for  
them  
loudly.

“THORA IS THE BEST!”

“HOORAY FOR KARI!”

“Go, Thea!”

“HELGA SHOULD WIN!”

“This is

fantastic

camouflage!” Trap

said. “It will be tough to  
winner.”

Trap was right! All four contestants  
done a

great job

. I wanted to vote for

# Thora

, my crush, but how could I ch  
her when the others looke  
good?

Sven marched up to us. “

So, who is  
the winner?  
”



It's your vote,

Geronimo!

Who is the winner?

I . . . I . . .

Great job!

Go, mouselets!

Trap and Ratilde shrugged. "We  
can't

decide."

"Then it's up to

YOU

, Geronimo!"

Sven

shouted.

the crowd

roared.

“So says sven the shouter!”

Tell  
us!  
Well?  
Who  
wins?  
Hurry!  
Well  
done!

hiding From the  
drAgons

“

Who  
wins  
the  
Mega  
Challenge?

”

“Yeah,  
which

Shield  
Mouselet  
wins?

”

“

Well,  
smarty-mouse?

”

All the contestants  
**GLARED**

at me,  
waiting for me to name the wi  
cheese, how could I

choose?

So I just sat there,

as

quiet

as a clam.

The

mice kings quickly go

annoyed.

I began to stutter. “Well . . . I-I

know . .

.

m-m-m-maybe

. . . ”

“Hurry up and decide, Geronimo

thundered, shaking his

paw.

”

too-toooot!

Too-

Tooooooooooot!

Just then the dragon  
sounded.

A moment later,  
three

dragons

appeared in the sky, breathing,  
swooped



down over the  
village.

“Do you

SSS

ee what I

SSS

ee?” asked the  
first  
dragon.

“I

SSS

ee a bunch of fresh meat,  
Fang,”

answered the second dragon. “  
you,

Sss

lither?”

“Me too, Broiler,” said the third

SSS

seem juicy! Let’s eat them up

fa

SSS

t!”

Red Fang, the

red

dragon, landed

right

next to me and

snapped

at my tail.

“What

ta

SSS

ty miceking flesh!

It’

SSS

mine!

I

SSS

aw

it fir

SSS

t!”

Oh  
no!  
Ahhh!  
Let's  
hide!  
Hurry!  
Take  
cover!  
Run!

Dragons!  
Help!

1

2

I ran away and  
ducked  
behind the  
straw  
target.

“

Sss

o you want to  
play        hide-  
and-

SSS

EEK,  
little mou

SSS

eking?”

Red Fang asked.

WHOOSH!

He shot

flames

at

the target, reducing  
it

to ashes and

revealing

my hiding place!

So I

DASHED

under the cooking  
challenge table,  
taking                refuge  
there.

WHOOSH

!

Red Fang unleashed  
his hot breath, and

Red Fang

Red Fang is a dragon  
in the Devourer  
family.            Devourers  
like  
to                quickly  
barbecue  
micekings            and



eat  
them. For some  
reason, Red Fang  
seems to always  
be  
hungry for  
me!

1

2

Squeak!

Ouch!

melted cheese

flowed down on me like  
lava!

Finally, I

**crawled**

under

the judges' table . . . but

Red Fang found me there,  
too!

3

I'm doomed!

3

He

sniffed

the air, noticing the  
smell of the

Logi pepper

garland

strung across the table. T  
smiled.

“What luck!” he cried. “With a

SSS

ingle

flame, I'll have miceking mea  
roa  
sss  
ted  
sss  
picy  
pepper  
sss  
!"

He inhaled, getting ready to  
blast  
me  
with flames  
again.

This was it. I was going to be

cooked

,

fried

,

done

!

“

Heeeelp!

” I screamed. “I don’t  
want

to become dinner for  
dragon!”

# WE'LL BE BACK

“Load the catapults!

Release!

” Sven the

Shouter commanded.

Just in time, something

slimy

hit Red

Fang's head.

Plop! Plop!

Plop!

Bales of

mud

mixed with hay rained  
down

on the three  
dragons.

Slither swallowed one by m  
spit

Yikes!

it out. “Let’

SSS

get out of  
here!”

Red Fang

grabbed the Logi

peppers. “For now, I’ll ta  
these!”

he

growled.

Then he

flew

off. “I

will be back

with

King Gobbler



and his  
army!” he  
promised.

“Gather around,  
micekings

!” Sven

the Shouter yelled. “We must  
—”

Bonk!

His wife, Mousehilde,

bopped

him on the head with her r  
pin.

“This is

YOUR FAULT

!” she said. “I told you

to leave one mouseking

guarding

the catapults during the compe

What do we do?

We can't fight the  
dragons!

is how the  
dragons  
were able to get  
so  
close to us!”

The villagers  
were  
scared

.  
“What do we do now,  
brave  
Sven?”

one rodent  
asked.

“Yes,

**courageous**

Sven, we don’t

have

much time,” said

another.

I told you so!

Ow!

Thora spoke up. “The  
**dragons**

will

be returning soon. We must  
**organize**

our

defense.”

Sven nodded. “Well said, Thor  
micerings must prepare for  
**battle**

!

Copper, bring out the  
weapons.”

Then Sven looked at me, and I

backward. I had a  
bad  
feeling  
all of a sudden.

“You come with me,  
smarty-mouseking  
”

,  
he said, grabbing me  
by the  
shoulders.

“Who? M-m-me?” I  
stuttered.

“Yes!”                      Sven  
replied.

“We will go find

Loki

Longsight

, the village

soothsayer, and we'll

ask

Come with me!



for advice. He can look in his  
of  
Dragon  
Lore and Legends  
and tell us the best  
way to defeat  
them.”

It wasn't a bad  
idea

,  
actually.

Sven and I headed to the  
soothsayer's  
CAVE

,

followed  
by all the micekings in  
the  
village.

# THEY TO LOKI LONGSIGHT!

Sven stopped in front of the cave  
“

Loki

Longsight, open up!

” he shouted.

“Sven the Shouter commands you

The micekings all cried out,

“so says sven the shouter!”

But Loki didn’t answer.

Sven shouted even louder. “  
up,  
soothsayer  
!”

I tugged on Sven’s cloak. “Chief  
to the cave  
is  
half  
-

open  
,” I told him.  
“Why didn’t you say that in  
place,

blubber

brain

?” Sven asked. “Quick,  
get in  
there!”

It's already open!

Open the door!

Let us in!

1

2

1

Oops!

I slowly pushed open the door.

L-Loki,

are                      you

there?

” I asked.

Loki still didn’t answer.

“Are you waiting for

groundhogs

to wake from their hibernati

mouseking? I said get in t

barked.

I stepped inside the cave, but I  
Loki. “He’s not here!” I said.

I

**RAN**

back out and slipped on  
something

**slimy**

.

“Squeak!”

When I  
tried to get up,

I

**SLIPPED**



a second time  
and fell right  
on my tail!  
“

OWWWW!  
”

3

2

3

Help!

Yikes!

Well?

I

slid

right up to

Sven's feet. He

stared

at me. "What do

you

mean he's

not

here

? Where is

he,

then?”

I had no

idea!

“I don’t know!” I

replied. “He didn’t

leave

a

note

.”

Thea,

meanwhile,  
was examining  
the  
stinky  
slime  
I had stepped  
on.

“Brave Sven, this is  
dragon drool  
!” she  
announced.

Sven sniffed it  
himself.

“You’re  
right! And I  
see

some

**RED**

**SCALES**

in  
there!”

“

Crusty codfish!

” I cried. “That scale  
belongs to

Red Fang

, the dragon who  
wants

to roast and eat me! He must  
Loki

Longsight!”

“There’s no time to waste,”  
shouted,

pumping his paw in the air  
must

find

him

quickly!”

All the micekings began to

**volunteer**

for the

mission.

**“CHOOSE ME, BRAVE LEAD**

“I WILL GO! I’M THE STRONGEST!”

“PICK ME! I AM NOT AFRAID OF DRAGONS!”

Sven shook his head. “Since Geronimo

knows all about Red Fang, I want to find Loki Longsight.”

“B-b-but . . .” I stammered.

Trap

boldly

stepped forward. “I will go with Geronimo. Don’t worry, I won’t

disappoint



you!”

Sven nodded. “Well said, Trap  
soothsayer back to Mouseborg  
both

receive

the greatest honor

in our village:

a

miceking helmet

!”

“That’s nice, but I, er, have some

urgent

business

to attend to . . .” I

said.

“so says sven the shouter!”

“You can do it,  
Geronimo!”

“No excuses, smarty-mouse  
shouted.

“You’re  
leaving  
right  
now

, and that’s an  
order!”  
everyone  
cried.

My paws began  
to

tremble

like

jellyfish.

I was about to run away when  
.

It was Thora! She was cheering

Then my nephew Benjamin p

“I  
believe  
in you, Uncle Ger!”  
“

GO GET 'EM  
, Geronimo!” Thea  
said.

Squeak!

My friends and family gave me

**courage**

. I would find  
Loki

. I  
would face the dragon. And I r

get my first miceking  
helmet!

# THE HILLS WISE WORDS

Trap and I left  
Mouseborg.

“That dragon has left us a trail  
stinky  
drool,  
RED  
scales, and  
roasted

trees,”

Trap remarked happily as  
north.

“This mission will be su  
easy!”

**SUPER EASY?**

We were on our way to face a  
fierce

and terrible dragon with an  
mice kings. What was

**easy**

about

that?

But we had no choice. We had



SAVE

Loki Longsight!

We followed the  
dragon's

trail

until we

arrived at the very top of  
the

tallest

of the

Hills of Wise Words. We could

twittering

in the trees. Everything seemed peaceful until . . .

Guuuuuuuuuurgle

A deep sound echoed through the hills.

I jumped into Trap's arms.

“

It's the dragons!

” I squealed.

Trap chuckled. “Relax! That's my stomach. I'm so hungry I could eat

stale  
cheese  
!”

We followed Red Fang’s trail  
path. Then Trap stopped. “  
Look here,  
Geronimo!  
”



The dragons!  
What?!

He pointed under a rock to a  
fjordberries  
and  
truffles.

Trap started to  
grab  
them. “What a  
find!

Want some, Cousin?”

“B-b-but they might belong to  
I replied nervously. “

Leave them  
alone!

”

But Trap didn't  
listen.

Suddenly, I noticed some

strange

tracks

in the dirt.

What strange tracks. . .

Yummy!

“Trap, these tracks look  
suspicious  
!” I said.

Trap  
gobbled  
down some berries  
and  
then walked over to me. He  
over  
and looked at the tracks in  
dirt.

“Hmm, you’re right, Geronimo



he said. “These don’t look  
like

dragon  
tracks

. They’re too small.”

“That’s what

worries

me,” I said. I

glanced up at the rocks behind  
my

FUR

stood on end.

“They look like the tracks of a

M-M-

MEGA BOAR

!” I stammered.

With its curved tusks and fierce hunger  
a

very, very aggressive wild boar! It digs  
of

roots and

truffles,

but when

hungry,

it will

devour

anything in

its

path. Caution:

Never touch its

food supply, or

there will

be  
trouble!

**MEGA BOAR**

“How can you be so sure, sm  
mouseking?” Trap asked  
me.

“I-I’m sure,” I stuttered, “becau  
one  
right behind you  
!”

Trap turned to see  
the  
hairy  
mega boar  
staring at us with  
ferocious  
eyes. We had  
stumbled upon its food

supply!

GREAT SALTY SARDINES

, we

were in big

trouble!

“What do we do?” I wailed.

Trap’s

paws

were still full of fruit and

truffles. “Let’s scram, Geronimo

your tail and

ruuuuun!”

Look!

Let's go!

# WATCH                      Y FUR, GERONIMO!

Trap and I took off  
at

TOP SPEED

through  
the hills, followed by the  
boar.

We moved

faster

than a wheel of

cheese rolling down a steep hill  
to!

The boar  
gnashed  
its teeth as it ran,  
ready  
to

**GOBBLE**

us up! Everybody knows  
that

you can't

**MESS WITH**

a mega boar's  
food

supply — everybody but Tra



is.

Then I realized something. “Are  
you holding the  
boar’s

food

?” I asked

Trap.

“Of course! It’s

delicious

! Want some?”

Trap asked.

“Why . . .

huff

. . . do you still have it . .

.

puff

?” I asked, out of breath  
running.

“

Pant

... give it back!”

Trap realized he had no choice

Good

-

bye,                      sweet

food!

” he cried.

He tossed the food behind him

hit

the mega boar in the face!

beast

was  
even  
angrier  
now.

“

**FASTER!**  
” I yelled.

Here you go!

Give it back!

We

zigzagged

between fallen tree

branches and thorny bushes. ' "

stinky

smell hit our

snouts.

“That smell can only

be

dragon drool

!”

Trap cried.

We had a mega boar behind us

were heading right toward  
dragon!

We were doomed!

The mega boar was on our t

We

kept running . . . and then  
we

slipped

in a puddle of dragon  
drool.

Now we were

even more

doomed

!

But just as the boar's tusk  
about

Uh-oh!

We're doomed!  
to skewer us, a

**FLAME**

shot

over                      our  
heads.

The mega boar yelped, turned  
around, and

**RAN AWAY**

.

One

threat

was gone . . .

but



another was in the bushes right  
front of us.

Red Fang  
glared at us with his scary  
yellow  
eyes!

“Is it you again?” he asked. “C  
clo

SSS

er! That way I can eat you in  
a

SSS

ingle  
bite!”

I began to

shiver

from the tip of  
my  
tail to the ends of my whiskers  
Trap pull me by the arm. He d  
behind a  
large  
tree trunk

•  
“Get over here,  
shrimp  
!” Red Fang  
roared, and he lunged towa  
us.

Then  
something

unexpected

happened.

Red Fang suddenly

roared

in pain.

Smoke puffed out of his nostr

toppled over

with a boom.

I

PEEKED

out from my hiding place

and saw the problem: One of h

caught in a

thorny

bush. He couldn't  
move or  
fly.

He's hurt!

Ow! Ow!

I took a deep breath. I might not be  
**brave**

mouseking, but Trap and I had to  
come to  
save

Loki Longsight

. I knew  
what

I had to do. I stepped out from the  
tree branch and

**slowly**

walked  
toward

the dragon.

“

What happened?

” I asked him.

“None of your bu

SSS

ine

SSS

, no

SSS

y

mou

SSS

eking!” Red Fang roared. “I wi

roa

SSS

t you in a

SSS



plit

SSS

econd and crush

you with my

jaw

SSS

!”

He spat out a huge flame. I jumped  
behind the tree branch to avoid  
it.

“

That’s it! I’m done!

” I squealed.

Red Fang was

# stuck

. Trap and I  
could go back to the village with  
our fur.

But if we did that, we'd be left  
behind

poor Loki. (Not to mention, I would  
never

get my miceking  
helmet!)

“You  
failed

again, smarty-  
mouseking!”

Sven the Shouter would

say.

Then it hit me. I

was

a

smarty-

mouseking

.

I could

**think**

of a way to use Red

Fang's predicament to our advantage

I had an

**idea**

.

“L-l-let’s make a deal  
between mouseking and  
dragon!”

I walked right up to the dragon  
began to squeak.

# THE SEC DEAL WITH RED FANG

Red Fang sniffed me. “Are you

furry

head? I could eat you right  
now!”

Trap

jumped

out of our hiding place.

“Geronimo, what are you thinking?”

asked.

“I mu

SSS

t admit, I am curiou

SSS

,” Red Fang

said. “No mou

SSS

eking has ever

approached

me like thi

SSS

before. What deal do you

propo

SSS

e,  
shrimp?”

I took another deep  
breath.

“W-w-well, Trap and I could  
free

you  
from the thorns,” I  
began.

Red Fang looked interested. “

Go on

,”  
he said.

“And then you could t-t-tell  
you’ve  
hidden  
our soothsayer, Loki Longsight  
continued.

“And promise not to  
gobble  
us up on the  
spot!” Trap added  
quickly.

Red Fang began to  
snicker  
. Then he  
snorted



. Then he  
laughed  
so hard  
that  
the ground  
**shook**  
beneath our  
feet!

My whiskers  
almost fell  
off in  
fright!

“Bad idea,  
Geronimo,”  
Trap

whispered.

“We’re about to

become

dinner

for a dragon!”

Red Fang

laughed

so

GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

hard that he became even more  
the thorny bush. He

roared

out in  
pain.

I knew Red Fang couldn't  
refuse

our help

now. “You can’t fly, or even

# move

,” I said

bravely. “Let us help

you.”

Red Fang scowled. “Very  
hissed.

“We will make  
thi

SSS

deal. But it mu

SSS

t be

kept a

SSS

ecret!”

I quickly pulled out some parc  
my

goose-feather

pen (which I  
always

carry with me, like a good  
wrote

out our  
deal.

I signed it, and then Red Fang  
the

pen in his

CLAW

and signed, too.

After Red Fang signed, Tr  
carefully

# SECRET DRAGON-MOUSEKING AGREEMENT

I, Geronimo Stiltonord, will free Red Fang from the branch that hurt his wing. In exchange, Red Fang of the Devourers of Beastgard will tell us everything he knows about Loki Longsight's whereabouts. And above all, he promises not to gobble up any micekings present.

GERONIMO

\*

The original was written in miceking runes and has been translated so you can read it!

\*

removed the

thorny

branch from his  
wing.

HELMETS AND HERRING, I W  
ONE SCARED MOUSEKING!

Red Fang

grinned

and stretched

out his wings. Then he eyed m

hungrily

as if I were a tasty

treat.

But I held the parchment ag

front

of me like a

shield

. “You p-p-promised

not to



hurt

us!” I reminded him. “And  
you must

return

Loki Longsight to us!”

“I don’t know any Loki Long

SSS

ight,” Red

Fang replied. “The only fr  
mou

SSS

emeat

here is you

two!”

“We found your  
drool

and one of your

**RED SCALES**

outside his cave!” I

protested. “What did you  
him?”

“That wa

**SSS**

n’t me!” Red Fang  
repeated.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“After you mice attacked u

**SSS**

, I wa

SSS

Dinnertime!

You can't!

You promised!

SSS

o hungry that I

**gobbled**

up the Logi

pepper

SSS

,” Red Fang explained. “We  
dragon

SSS

need them to help create our

**fiery**

breath.”

I

shuddered

, thinking about how Red Fang's flames had almost before.

“But they were

**TOO HOT**

, even for me!” the dragon continued. “I

SSS

tarted to

**cough**

and drool!”

“Then what happened?”  
asked.

“My eye

SSS

were

watering

badly,” Red

Fang replied. “I

couldn’t

SSS

see where I

was

SSS

going, and I flew into a cave.”

Trap and I looked at each other.

Loki

Longsight's  
cave!

" we both  
guessed.

"I didn't

SSS

ee a mou

SSS

eking in there,"

Red Fang said. "I waited until

SSS

SSS

topped watering, and then I  
flew



away.”

Trap's eyes narrowed. "You mean  
take our soothsayer?

Or

**gobble**

him up?"

Red Fang shook his head. "If I  
him, would my empty belly  
be

**GROWLING**

like thi

**SSS**

?"

He patted his big

**red**

belly, and it  
made a noise:

# Guuuuurgle!

I couldn't believe it. We had  
chased

by a mega boar and  
faced

a  
deadly dragon to find Loki Long  
for nothing!

“Because

SSS

because of our deal, I will let you  
see

SSS

cape,” Red Fang continued. “Because

will return to your village with  
dragon

SSS

. And then I will eat you raw,  
ju

SSS

t as you are!”

Then he flapped his wings and

FLEW

OFF

.

Trap slapped me on the back. “C

Cousin! You saved us from bein

toasted

like a cheese  
sandwich!”

“But we still haven’t  
found

Loki

Longsight,” I said. “We shou

Let's find Loki!

We have to warn the village!

LOOKING

for him.”

“No way!” Trap said. “We I  
back

to Mouseborg and

WARN

the village

about

the dragon attack.”

# DRAGON ATTACK!

I knew Trap was right. We raced  
Mouseborg like  
lightning

.  
Sven the Shouter started  
shouting  
as  
soon as he saw us. “Are you  
cheeseheads  
back already? Where is Loki Lo



“W-w-we . . . um . . . d-didn’t f  
Chief,” I stuttered.

“How dare you return with  
empty  
paws

!” Sven shouted so loudly that  
ruffled  
my  
fur.

Suddenly, the  
dragon alarm  
rang  
throughout the

village.

too-toooooot!

Too-

Toooooooooooooot!

Gobbler the Putrid is  
the  
unchallenged leader  
of  
the dragons. He  
smells  
so bad even flies  
stay  
away from him!  
He's  
always in a bad  
mood  
and always very hungry.  
His favorite food is fresh  
miceking  
stew.  
Before you could say

# cheese

, the  
sky became filled with dra  
leader,  
Gobbler the Putrid  
, flew at the front  
of  
the pack.  
Gobbler       wore  
the  
Crown       of       the  
Seven  
Rubies  
, forged in volcanic

lava.

“Look at the

SSS

e ta

SSS

ty miceking

**GOBBLER**

the Putrid

Aim!

Attaaaaaack!”

DIVE,

DIVE, DIVE!”

morsel

SSS

!” he called out to his  
followers.

Sven turned to the micekings.  
catapults!

Gobbler called his dragons to a  
“Follow me, my

winged

SSS

ubject

SSS

!

This time, the dragons were

ready

for

our miceking defenses. They  
the

sticky

mud balls with their  
tails.

They

blew

flames

onto the straw roofs

of our houses, setting them  
fire!

Some

micerings

ran

for their

weapons.



GRRRRRRROWWWV

Others ran away from the f  
headed

for the catapults when I heard

thundering

behind me that made  
my

whiskers

curl

with

fear.

Shivering squids, that roar was

too

close!

I turned and came face-to-face  
with a dragon with

RED

scales, pointy fangs,  
sharp

claws, and one injured wing .

.

Red

Fang

! He and I had made a deal  
now

the deal was  
off!

Red Fang looked like he was

keep  
his promise to

eat me

raw

!

SQUEAK!

He landed right in front of  
me.

“

Sss

tay away!” he called to the oth

Uh-oh!  
Reload!  
Run!

Come here!

Why me?

Dragons, attack!

dragons. “Thi

SSS

shrimpy mou

SSS

eking is

all

mine!”

HORNS AND THOR

My

whiskers

trembled

with fright. The

end

was near! Red Fang was going

devour

me, and there was nothing  
about

it. I was  
doomed!

YOU  
CAN'T  
HIDE FROM  
ME,  
MOUSEKING!

Let's scram!

Okay!

Red Fang

lunged

at me. I was so afraid

that I couldn't move a



muscle!

Then Trap took me by  
the

paw

.

“Get out of there, Geronimo!”  
dragging  
me under the  
stage.

Found  
you!

Red Fang followed us. “You can  
will

SSS

till

SSS

natch  
you!”

We

flattened

ourselves against the  
ground. The dragon plunged  
into

the wooden boards above us. T

he smacked the stage with his  
heavy,  
spiked  
tail.

**Squeak!**

It's over!

We're cooked!

The stage was now full of  
more

holes

than a slice of  
Swiss!

We were about to be  
fried

, roasted, and

TOASTED

!

Trap held me tightly. "I've always loved  
you, Cousin!" He sobbed. "You're the best!"

bravest

smarty-mouseking

I

know!”

This is it, I thought.

Good-bye,

Mouseborg, my hometown!

Good-bye,

lovely

Thora!

Good-bye,

miceking

world!

A

Fireball

formed in Red Fang's  
throat, but before he could rel

Take that!

“Get out of here, you ugly

lizard

face

!”

Fjords and fishbones

, it was

Thora! As she bravely ran  
stage,

she took

a

SHARP

shell comb out of her  
hair

and flung it toward the dragon  
blow

stunned

Red Fang.

“

Great shot

, you amazing Shield  
Mouselet!” Trap  
cheered.

Red Fang  
flew off, and  
Trap  
shivered.

“That was



C-C-

close

,” he  
said.

I stared at Thora  
with admiration.

“Brave  
Thora, you’ve

SAVED

our fur!” I  
squeaked.

Ow!

Then I saw that she was  
alone.

Thea

,

HELGA

, and

Karina

all stood

behind

her.

OH, WHAT  
FABUMOUSE  
MICEKINGS!

And behind them stood all  
Shield

Mouselets in the village! They  
forces to organize an

anti-dragon  
defense.

# THE CHARGE THE SHIELD MOUSELETS

1

3

2

4

## SWEET SARDINES!

The Shield Mouselets' defense  
dragons

by surprise with a charge  
of unexpected

weapons:

Heavy cauldrons filled with  
stinky  
food

from the cooking  
challenge.

Catapults loaded  
with

sharp shells

from the shell  
challenge.

Buckets of  
clean water

because  
dragons  
can't stand it — water washes  
stench!

Fishing nets that doubled  
as

dragon-  
catching nets  
!

# SHIELD MOUSELETS TO THE RESCUE!

STINKY

CAULDRONS

SHARP SHELLS

1

2

FISHING  
NETS  
CLEAN  
WATER

3

4

These Shield Mouselets were  
a

**force**

to be reckoned  
with!

They

**flung**

the cauldrons with  
amazing



force. They

**hurled**

the sharp shells with  
precise aim. They worked tog  
to

**stun**

the dragons and  
then

**capture**

them in  
nets.

It was miceking poetry  
action!

Gobbler the Putrid

tried to get his  
dragons in  
order.

Scram!

Go

away!

Don't come

back!

Beat it!

“Dragon

SSS

, get in formation! Claw

SSS

out!” he

yelled.

But they could not stop the Sh

Mouselets.

“

Get out of here, you scoundrels!

” Thea  
yelled.

“  
Beat it, you lousy  
beasts!

” the  
others  
joined  
in.

Gobbler continued to call out  
his  
drenched

and

battered

dragons

did

Retreat!

Yuck! Clean water!

Ow!

Ow!

not want to fight anymore

Shield

Mouselets were too much  
them!

Finally, Gobbler gave in.

“

Retreat!

”

he

yelled.

FOR NOW, WE WERE  
ALL SAFE!

Before flying off, Red Fang f  
his

fiery

eyes on me. “You managed to

SSS

cape

thi

SSS

time,

mou

SSS

eking! But next time, I

will

roa

SSS

t        you        for  
dinner!”

A wave of

relief

washed over me as

I watched him and the other d

disappear

over                the

horizon.



KNOCK!

KNOCK!

ANYONE

THERE?

“Hooray for the sh  
mouselets!”

“DOWN WITH THE DRAGON

“Hip, hip, hooray

the

Shield Mouselets!’

The dragon attack was over –  
all

thanks to the  
village’s

SHIELD MOUSELETS

!

“Rodents of  
Mouseborg

, rejoice!”

Sven shouted. “The dragon  
fled!”

“

We

won!

” squealed the  
mice kings.

I get it!

She's right!

Good point!

“We will celebrate!” Sven a

“My

wife, Mousehilde, will

fabumouse

banquet

and —”

Mousehilde interrupted her h

speech by

bopping

him on the head.

“Aren't you

forgetting

something?            We  
can't  
celebrate    until    we  
find  
Loki Longsight  
!  
He's  
still  
missing!"

“SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOU

Sven pointed at me. “Geronim  
him

was

YOUR JOB

! Tell us what  
happened!”

the micekings  
cried.

“Well,” I began. “First, Tr  
tracked

Red Fang

...”

“

Ooooooooooooooh!

” the micekings  
exclaimed.

“But we didn’t find Loki Lo  
any  
sign of him,” I  
finished.

“

**Noooooooooooooo!**

” the micekings  
squeaked.

I couldn’t tell them about my  
the  
dragon. It was  
a  
secret

! All the  
mice kings  
knew was that I had  
failed

.  
Thea came to my rescue. “Let  
to  
Loki’s  
CAVE  
and search for more clues,”  
she  
suggested.



Look everywhere!  
I'll find him . .

.

Hmm . . .

Where is he?

“Thea is right!” Trap said loud  
go!”

I truly have a  
fabumouse  
family.

They  
always stand up for  
me!

So we all returned to the cave.

SEARCHED

everywhere around

it. We climbed trees. We  
looked  
under  
bushes.

My head!

We even lifted up boulders! (

I didn't, but micekings with

**big**

**muscles**

did.) But there

was

**no**

**trace**

of Loki Longsight!

I put my snout to the ground to

look for tracks — and

**bumped**

right into the cave's front  
door.

“

Ow!

”

I

cried.

Then I realized something. I  
had just bumped into  
a

CLUE

!

“

HELMETS AND  
HERRING

, the cave  
door is closed!” I cried.

“Are you

**sure**

you

didn’t close it with

your snout, smarty-

mouseking?” Sven asked

me.

“I’m sure,” I

replied.

“Then who

**closed**

it?”

Sven

asked.

Then it hit me. “Maybe Loki re  
his

CAVE

while we

were

fighting

the

dragons! He could be in there

I said.

There was

only

ONE WAY

to find

out.

“Loki Longsight!” Sven shou

top

of his lungs. “

ARE YOU IN THERE

,

soothsayer?”

There

was

no

reply

— but then a stone

fell out of the window above the

piece

of

parchment



was tied to the  
stone.

“It must be from Loki!” I realized.

“Then

read it

, smarty-mouseking!”

Sven

bellowed.

I

unrolled

the parchment and read  
the

words aloud: “The soothsayer  
*days when the moon is full . . . is*

beginning with the letter  
J

. . . and not

during

mealtimes! Please come ba  
time.”

Answer  
me!

Have I already told you that  
called

“the Shouter” because he shouts

very,

very,

very loudly

? Well,

when he gets

angry

, he shouts even

louder! And this time he was

angrier

than I had ever seen  
him.

“Where did  
you  
disappear  
to?”

Sven  
bellowed. “Answer me!”  
the micekings sang  
out.

The soothsayer  
tossed another  
stone  
out  
the window,

with a new  
message  
attached.

**“SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOU**

What are you  
talking  
about?

I read it out  
loud:

“I went out to search  
for  
*honey, mouse grass, and  
fjordberries. What  
do you want?”*

Angry, the  
other micekings  
started shouting at Loki.

“Didn’t you hear  
the  
dragon  
alarm  
?”

“Didn’t you smell  
their  
TERRIBLE STENCH  
?”

“Didn’t you see  
the  
fiery flames  
?”

Another  
note

flew

out the

window:

*“What dragons? I didn’t see a sin  
Not a single fang.”*

It was no use arguing. Our  
was

supposed to be good at

**SEEING**

the

future. But this time, he hadn’t  
what

was

right outside

his



cave!

# AND THE WINNER Is . . .

“

Hooray for Mousehilde!

Hooray for gloog!

”

We returned to the  
village.

“Loki is found! Let  
the

banquet  
begin!”

Sven shouted. “Mousehilde w

delicious

**gloog**

for all!”

the                      micekings  
cheered.

Gloog is traditional  
**miceking stew**

,

and Mousehilde’s is the  
best!

That night, the village  
**celebrated**

with a great feast of gloog, S  
**CHEESE**

, finnbrew (the official drink of micekings), and other specialties.

Just as I was about to take  
first  
bite

,

Sven interrupted  
me.

“What are you doing,  
mouseking?”  
he  
asked.

“I-I-I’m  
eating

,” I  
sputtered.

Sven held up a paw.

“

**STOP**

right  
there!

First you must announce the w  
**Shield Mouselet Mega Ch**  
!”

The micekings began to  
chant.

**"CHOOSE A WINNER!**

**CHOOSE A WINNER!**

**CHOOSE A WINNER!"**

Crusty codfish, what was I supposed to do?

I tried to think of a way out. “I

think

about this, Sven,” I stuttered. “

Fang ate  
the

hot

pepper

sash that  
gets

awarded to the winner, so there’s  
no

way to . . .

.”  
.

“I’ve got an

**extra**

,  
Smarty-mouse!”

Sven

cried,

**tossing**

another

sash

made of Logi peppers at  
me.

I turned paler than

**mozzarella**

. I had



no                      more  
excuses!

Shivering squids

, I  
didn't      know      who      to  
choose!

I      wanted      to  
choose

Thora

,  
who  
had      saved      me  
from

Red Fang

. . .

But there was also my  
sister,  
Thea

• •

•

“

hip, hip, hooray for the  
winners!

”

And  
HELGA

. . .

And  
**Karina**

. . .

They all deserved to win  
Squeak!

Then Mousehilde walked up

the  
sash from me. “Forget it, Go  
the  
SHIELD MOUSELETS  
in the village have  
made  
a decision. For fighting  
with  
GREAT SKILL  
and saving the village . . .  
all four are  
winners  
!”  
“

We’re all winners!

”

the

contestants  
cheered.

When the Shield Mouselets  
decision,  
no rodent

argues

with them! The other  
micekins began to

clap

and

cheer

.

We all won!  
Way to go!  
Let's celebrate!  
Time to eat!  
Hooray!

Hooray for the  
mice kings!

Three  
cheers!

Yay!

Hooray!

We're all winners!

Then Sven gave each of the four  
Mouselets a special  
miceking helmet  
for driving off the  
dragons.

the villagers  
cried.

And then (at last), we were  
eat!

It really was  
a

fabumouse

feast, and

when

every crumb was eaten, the



broke

out into

festive dancing

around

the

banquet table. By the time I

and

slipped under the covers, I was

a

clam

in its

shell.

I was so

proud

of the Shield

Mouselets for working together  
though I hadn't earned a

miceking

helmet

yet, I was still happy. I had  
made a secret pact with a dragon  
lived to

not

tell a soul about it (because  
“so says sven the shouter!”

But that's another  
miceking story for  
another day!

Good night!

it's a

secret

!). So I was content. Plus,  
I knew that I would earn a  
miceking  
helmet

sooner or  
later!

Beastgard

Yawning

Cove

Forest of a

Thousand

Scales

Gullet Valley

Mouseborg

Feargard

Miceking

island

Oofadale

Helpful Hills

Don't miss any  
adventures of  
the Micekings!

Up

Next:

Be sure  
to  
read all  
my  
fabumouse  
adventures!







Don't miss  
any of my  
special edition  
adventures!

Dear mouse friends  
thanks for reading  
and good-  
until  
the next  
book!



WHO IS

# Geronimo Stilton

SCHOLASTIC

APPEALS TO  
READING LEVEL

2

ND

-4

TH

GRADERS

GRADE 4

More leveling information for this book:

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## stay strong, geronimo

Geronimo Stiltonord has been selected for the Shield Mouselet Mega Challenge, a contest of female miceking warriors. But all the contestants are so good, it's impossible to choose just one winner! Even worse, everyone is distracted by the c

the  
dragons launch a surprise attack! V  
micekings be able to defend  
home?

He is a mouseking — the Ge  
Stilton

of the ancient far north! He lives v  
brawny and brave clan in the villa  
Mouseborg. From sailing frozen w  
to facing fiery dragons, every day  
adventure for the micekings!

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